

SPORTS FOR CARNIVAL WEEK

Short Stories on the Deeds of Athlete and Horse at Home and Abroad.

FEMALE RACE AT THE BICYCLE PARK

Arrival of the Jacks-Lost of the Chickens—The Crank's Yelp—The Mystic Rail—The Great Bruch Show—Sporty News Galore.

It would be a waste of both time and gray matter to expatiate upon the alleged forthright Corbett and Fitzsimmons match at Dallas. As yet the affair remains very much in statu quo. The governor and his manifesto and the sheriff and his little gun seem to have more than counterbalanced the bluff and bluster of Dan Stuart and the redheads who have the matter in hand. The country has been flooded from coast to coast with elaborate blue-lined diagrams of the mammoth arena, but up to date the monstrous amphitheater is little better than a chateau en Espagne, a visionary structure in ethereal space. Not a nail has been driven and all that we hear is that some of the lumber is on the lot. A suspicious quietude prevails within the little tropical city, and it looks to me as if Stuart and his cohorts were about to "lay down" or are quietly looking up some locality outside the prescribed limits to dump the big mill. Anyway, there must be something much more definite than anything that has yet been sent abroad before the grand stampede of northern sports sets in for Texas.

The Johnny Bull amateur athletes are at last upon the spot. They arrived in New York a few days ago and are at work busily preparing for the international games to come off during this month. The London Athletic club does not appear to be very well represented, as most of the phenomena we read so much about are conspicuous by their absence, and the Americans should have but little difficulty in carrying off the honors from the job lot of Britishers who have thus far shown up. Neither the great middle distance runner, neither the gliding long jumper, Ryan, nor the string, and the marvelous records which they are said to have recently broken, so far as serving as a test of American ability is concerned, might as well have been left unfractured. It is quite probable, however, had these two foreign cracks crossed over, they would have each found his master in little Tommy Connell and the St. Xavier club man, Sweeney, for we all know just how far Tommy can run when pushed and how high Sweeney can jump, and also that there is nothing in England, Ireland or Scotland that can touch run who pushed and how high Sweeney can either of them.

Our Iowa neighbor, John V. Crum, it seems, is not content with the phenomenon he thought to be. He was decisively beaten over the 100-yard course at Travers Island last Saturday by E. J. Walsh, a few seconds faster. Crum was never in the limit and was beaten over a yard, and it is doubtful now whether he will represent the New York Athletic club in the coming international games. But, as is invariably the case, Crum is not without an excuse. He claims that he was wrenched a leg during the international trials and has not been right since. I hope this is so, not that I mean any ill luck to John, for he lives right next door to us and it would indeed be a little disappointing if he was so easily vanquished while in form.

While I hope that Crum's explanation is all right, for the reason above stated, I also hope that he will speedily round to and as speedily reassure us of what we have been led to believe, and that he is the star member of the American team in America, if not in the world. If he does he will step off Manhattan last Saturday night and will be the champion of the 100 and 200-yard races, if he is fortunate enough to be selected to start.

Right here, perchance, a little more of Crum will not come amiss. His rise was as sudden as it was glorious. His home is in Bedford, Ia., but his present home is in Chicago, where he is the star member of the Athletic association. He entered the Iowa State University a few years ago, and began his running career in the high school debut was of the commonplace order, and gave no indication of his latent powers as a sprinter. In 1922 he showed some improvement and ran second in the 100-yard race at the annual meet of his college. He did not earn a winning bracket until the fall of 1923, when he captured the 100-yard race at the annual meet of his college. He repeated his triple victory in the spring of '24, and also helped to win a one mile relay race at the annual meet last year he won the 100-yard race in 10.5 seconds, the 200-yard race in 23 seconds, took second place in the quarter of a mile run, and won the 400-yard race. At the first meet of the Western Intercollegiate association, held at Chicago on June 2, 1924, he won the 100-yard race in 10.5 seconds and the 200-yard race in 22.5 seconds. At the fall meet of his university he romped off with four events, and last spring added two more victories to his list. On May 18 he won the 50-yard event in 5.25 seconds, the 100-yard race in 10 seconds, the 200-yard race in 22.5 seconds and the 400-yard race in 52.5 seconds. He came east for the intercollegiate championships. Crum went back to Chicago in time for the meeting of June 2, where he won the 100-yard race in 10.5 seconds, the 200-yard race in 22.5 seconds, the 400-yard race in 52.5 seconds, and the 800-yard race in 2:15. He then represented the Chicago Athletic association in the games on the coast at the University of California team. He won both the 100-yard and the 200-yard races. From May 18 to 25 of the present season Crum competed in six races, and won five of them, and fourteen times. He won right along the line, and it was on the strength of this extraordinary showing that he was chosen to meet the best foot and fastest runners who have come to strive for the palm.

Charles Thomas, who enjoys quite an enviable reputation as a trainer and coach for the long-haired athletes who love to kick the stuffs out of the globe-trotting piskins, goes to Lincoln early next week to help the University of Nebraska eleven for the fall and winter foot ball campaign. In conversation with Mr. Thomas yesterday evening, among other things he said that he was a devout believer in rational training, the modern system over the old, and college coaches are rapidly falling in line. Contrasting his own method with the old established theory that a man must retire and get up at a fixed hour, that his diet must consist of equal portions of fish or cat food, and he must exercise and rest just as many hours. A man's speed and wind are the chief essentials to their maximum and they can be kept there without the imposition of any of the rigors of the old regime. Of course a man in training should use judgment in what he eats, but restriction to the scant diet of the former system is all wrong. A man should be built up instead of torn down. Wind and speed and strength come with a healthy normal condition of the whole anatomy, and if a man under his supervision craves this or that to which he has been accustomed he will get it. I have yet to see a successful case of theoretical training. A coach is a coach, and always to be taboos. No healthy athlete needs any of the flaccid and transient strength that supplies a little old a or high grade rider is often benefited. Trainers should be particular about fattening the interior of a man. There are many articles of food on an athlete's diet, and it is not until while they are nutritious and muscle-making, and they put fat on the inside and this quickly impairs both wind and speed. I shall never put a man on a diet of fat, and I shall never strain. I want him to live naturally, exercise with moderation and subside upon the food which suits him best. There is little theory entered into my work and I want you to bear in mind what I say when you see the State university foot ball team this fall.

America will be represented this year for the first time in the international rifle shoot in Rome, Italy. New York has an Italian Shooting association and its crack team, consisting of Antonio Naroni, Luigi Reali and Pasquale Silevanti called for New York yesterday. How the Italian consul in Genoa came to

overlook them old Italian crackjack rifle shots, John Pett, Dr. Worley and Judge Clarkson of this city is something I will not pretend to answer.

C. W. Williams has been forced at last to close his Galesburg track, and his quietude should be a permanent one for the good of the turf. He found it impossible to maintain \$1,000 events on \$25 gate receipts, and the whole business has been emphatically declared off. With the presence of the famous bookie and the magic pool box Williams would have undoubtedly secured another of his remarkable wildcat successes, and it is highly probable now that the gentleman realtor, the sweeping effect of the adverse legislation he refused to assist in defeating. He felt that if the speculative element was done away with, the horse element would be left for an old horseman to indulge in. In America the better element of society is the speculative element, and betting and horse racing have been inseparable since time began. After a few laws have been repealed the horse people can expect to get in the push again, and until then, and you have my permission to stick a pin or drive a tack here.

"The Derby Winner." Al Spink's great racing play, which opens at the new Creighton matinee today is the only play on the road having a string of genuine race horses. These are owned by Al Spink, the author-manager, who is also editor of the Sporting News. With "The Derby Winner" is a race horse whom the world has learned to love for his wonderful speed and staying qualities in defending the reputation of the west against the east, especially when he beat Miss Woodford, the Dwyer brood mare, at Long Branch. The report was circulated before "The Derby Winner" played at St. Paul, a few weeks ago, that old Fredland was dead, that he had passed in his sleep and was lying peacefully under the blue grass of old Kentucky. This statement has proven to be a falsehood. Old Fredland is alive and kicking, and he is the biggest square in the show ever went on the stage. He will be seen here with "The Derby Winner," and will take part in an exhibition half-mile race at the state fair tomorrow or Tuesday. He will no doubt prove a great card.

That a grievous error has been committed by the state fair management in not arranging a daily card of bicycle races no one familiar with the popularity of the fair will attempt to dispute. If daily races were out of the question, at least one day should have been set aside for the enjoyment of the followers—and they are legion—of the steel steed. That "Bicycle day" would have been the crowning glory of the great carnival is a fact that permits of no dispute. There is no prettier, no healthier, nor more beneficial sport than bicycle riding. It devotes far outnumbers those of any other outdoor pastime, and just now it overshadows any rival claimant for public attention. To be sure horse racing always has held the hold on the people, but this is an off year for the equines, especially those of the harness realm, and the excuse the fair management advance that the horsemen would not tolerate the wheel upon the track is preposterous. What business is it of the horsemen? The fair management is looking after the success of our great autumn festival and are catering to no particular class, creed or sect, and the horsemen are entitled to no special privileges or prerogatives. They are not going to make or unmake the fair, only furnish a component part to a royal all round good time. It is not too late yet. At least a good horse race should be arranged for one day of the fair.

En passant, speaking of bicycles, it is becoming more apparent as time goes by that the racing question is becoming too bulky to be successfully handled or controlled by the League of American Wheelmen. The situation is in a rather chaotic condition and will not be on a satisfactory basis this season, as the riders are timid about making any drastic move on their own hook. It is very palpable that the sport must be put on a business basis, but just how that is to be done is a somewhat problematical. The interests of the manufacturer, the race promoter and the rider are all to be protected, and racing can only be recognized as a business. The League of American Wheelmen will be forced to make the distinction. That this league has not controlled the situation is a fact patent to all. They have manipulated the organization's election, as well as the appointment of the executive committee, and of what I allege the reader need only refer to the recent frauds perpetrated by Titus, Cabbane and Murphy for evidence. The league has no right to salary to the manufacturers for riding their wheels. This precious trip was suspended for their riding, and the manufacturers were out for advertising there was in it and in a chair phantasm they went for Mr. Gilson, the state fair manager, and for the manufacturers. The manufacturers were out for advertising there was in it and in a chair phantasm they went for Mr. Gilson, the state fair manager, and for the manufacturers. The manufacturers were out for advertising there was in it and in a chair phantasm they went for Mr. Gilson, the state fair manager, and for the manufacturers.

All honest horsemen, and there are some of them, contrary to a widespread belief to the contrary, are rejoicing over the action of the Belmont Park judges in suspending the 100-yard race in 22.5 seconds and the 200-yard race in 52.5 seconds. The 100-yard race in 10 seconds, the 200-yard race in 22.5 seconds and the 400-yard race in 52.5 seconds. He came east for the intercollegiate championships. Crum went back to Chicago in time for the meeting of June 2, where he won the 100-yard race in 10.5 seconds, the 200-yard race in 22.5 seconds, the 400-yard race in 52.5 seconds, and the 800-yard race in 2:15. He then represented the Chicago Athletic association in the games on the coast at the University of California team. He won both the 100-yard and the 200-yard races. From May 18 to 25 of the present season Crum competed in six races, and won five of them, and fourteen times. He won right along the line, and it was on the strength of this extraordinary showing that he was chosen to meet the best foot and fastest runners who have come to strive for the palm.

Men's Fall Overcoats

In all the Latest, Best, Fetching Styles.

\$850
\$1000
\$1250
\$1500 and up.

He who wants the really good has no other choice

We don't make it so—but other people force it upon us—not a hundred years—nor fifty—nor ten—nor even one has elapsed since the clothes we show were made. They were made right now—this year—in this year's styles—for us—and only us. We don't deal in last year's goods at any price, much less goods that were the style in grandmother's time.

This not only applies to our men's department, but to the children's as well—for while we have boy's suits as low as \$2.50 and men's down to \$8.50—still there's a style about them that you don't find in any other at the same price. Isn't it worth something to know that you're in style—especially when it costs you no more.

Don't be deluded by the pattern—patterns are made to sell goods—and don't compare cotton worsteds with the kind of cloth we put into clothes. We'll agree they all look alike today—but tomorrow—

You'd better talk to us.

BROWNING, KING & CO.
Only Makers of Really Fine Clothing on Earth.
S. W. Cor. 15th and Douglas. Omaha's Reliable Clothiers

Your Money's Worth or You Get It Back.

and secured the big stars for the benefit of Nebraska and Nebraska's visitors.

Still, we know England is not in it with us, from a safety-pin up to a big war ship. Eh?

In the field and on the lake. The Omaha Gun club's regular season's shoots will close next Saturday afternoon's event, instead of a week from Saturday, as was originally provided.

The announcement in last Sunday's Bee that quail were already being killed and shipped into this city by market hunters has caused some of our club members to bestir themselves, and fair warning is herewith given commission men, hotel and restaurant keepers that they are liable to get into trouble by doubling in this forbidden fruit. The open season for quail does not begin until October.

Robert Coffin of Randolph is one of the best wing shots in the state and as an entertainer he has no superior in Cedar county.

Anglers are again overhauling rods, reel and tackle. In many waters the cream of the bass fishing is in the cool mornings and evenings of late September, and a half dozen different parties are preparing for forays into Minnesota after the excitement of the state fair subsides. The most of them will undoubtedly bring up their Washington beautiful shiners. The spoon, frog and minnow are the most attractive lures for autumn fishing, and the sport lasts well into October, when the fish gather in schools and retire for the winter.

A sportsman writes to know whether it is necessary to always clean a gun after use, especially if shooting nitro powder, and my answer is that valuable guns should never be neglected in this regard. They should be cleaned thoroughly after use, no matter what kind of powder is burned. The idea has become prevalent pretty extensively that cleaning is not necessary, and that a gun should be used, but it is erroneous. Still a shotgun does not require the nice attention that a rifle does. Neglect with a rifle will speedily destroy its accuracy, and the gun is quickly formed in a rifle barrel and it is exceedingly difficult to remove. Leading follows rust and thus the accuracy of the piece is destroyed. In the case of a shotgun, however, I would advise cleaning thoroughly at the earliest possible moment after using.

The state fish commission will stock many of the beautiful lakes in the sandhill country with bass and croppie next season. There is to be a systematic course of stocking, and Nebraska may yet become a famous fishing ground.

Early as it is, the killing of a number of Wilson snipe in this vicinity has been reported, which fact gives color to the belief that the season is going on, and the fact that the snipe are in our game birds. There is plenty of dampness in and about most of all the best known grounds, and this means plenty of sport when the time comes.

Orange team. Time works wonders—Philadelphia Inquirer. Hastings of Kansas City and Fisher of Indianapolis are the two best pitchers in the West. Cincinnati gets Fisher and Pittsburgh Hastings next season.

The New Yorks did not succeed in having thrown out that protested game with Chicago, which was a practice of a little trick on "Dad" Clarke, the New Yorks losing in consequence.

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The Boys of the Long Hair. All lovers of foot ball and foot ball players are beginning to long for the play and as the time for the opening of the season of the great college sport approaches you can see a very noticeable lengthening of the hair of the local players. Nor is it the players alone who let their hair grow. At all the universities there are always some who could not be induced under any consideration to enter the arena, yet who like to promote the growth of their long hair, and a sweater, in order that they may be recognized as part of the push. Some even go so far as to purchase a sweater similar to the one worn by the team, and they are frowned upon and the athlete who wins his sweater on the college athletic field should be allowed to wear his souvenir without being initiated by the school sports. The local high school team has already commenced to get in shape and the boys, under the direction of William Gardner, will soon be able to engage in contest with some of the neighboring schools. Doane college boys are already at work, while the Chicago university team has played several practices. All the big eastern colleges are practicing their old as well as some promising new material at the different resorts, where it is customary to give the players a preliminary practice. The boys at the Nebraska State university are coming in, and although the time for opening is not until September 23, several of the boys are on the campus daily engaged in running and kicking the ball and such preliminary work as the autumn weather will permit. Captain Wilson expects to have an excellent team, as all the old men will return except the colored boy Flippin. All the Doane line will return and all the backs, except Fuller and Leavitt.

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The Six-Day Ladies' Race. The six day ladies' bicycle race begins tomorrow evening at the Omaha Bicycle park on Charles street, and it promises to be a very successful affair. The alleged opposition to this race is mythical and it is a mistake to think that it can in any way operate against the chances of our great state fair. What could happen to our state fair is all the attractions she can get—horse racing, bicycle racing, athletic games or whatnot. Some are followers of one, some of another, but no one is compelled to attend any special show or amusement. It takes lots of kinds of people to make a world. If we were all alike what a mass there would be.

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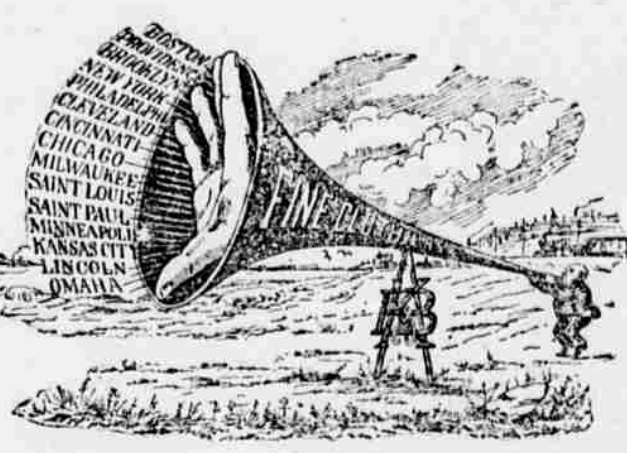
It has not been quite six years since John M. Ward was proclaiming the slivish condition of the base ball player, who was laid down to the beggarly sum of \$500 a month for his services by scheming magnates. Now he is playing for love merely with the

marshes must be content with an occasional crack at teal, mallard, yellowlegs or snipe, but a little later a tramp through the brush and stubble for quail will afford ample sport, as the birds are going to be unusually plentiful. Our nights and mornings are now growing keener and keener, the weeds and grasses have begun to drop and are fast donning their coats of tan, the foliage on the bluffs is flecking with their scarlets and gold, and the Omaha chicken has seen his day. I reiterate, there is none so bold as to deny, and a trip afield now can only awaken sad memories of the olden time. There is no game in the chicken, in order that they may be able to engage in contest with some of the neighboring schools. Doane college boys are already at work, while the Chicago university team has played several practices. All the big eastern colleges are practicing their old as well as some promising new material at the different resorts, where it is customary to give the players a preliminary practice. The boys at the Nebraska State university are coming in, and although the time for opening is not until September 23, several of the boys are on the campus daily engaged in running and kicking the ball and such preliminary work as the autumn weather will permit. Captain Wilson expects to have an excellent team, as all the old men will return except the colored boy Flippin. All the Doane line will return and all the backs, except Fuller and Leavitt.

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Prince, by Hamiltonian Prince, has reduced his record to 2:15. Andy McDowell insists that Alix will yet record into form and beat her record of 2:03½ before the season ends.

Hollister, trotting record 2:21, by Hamilton's Almont, Jr., took a pacing record of 2:17½ in New England last week.

Azote, 2:04½, not only holds the trotting record for geldings, but he is the largest horse that ever trotted faster than 2:06. Grant's Abdullah, 2:10½, after a retirement of two years' duration, made his appearance in a race at Galesburg, Ill., last week.

Alonso McDonald got second money with Eddie Wilkes, third with Fair Lillian, and fourth with General Ewell at Sausal, Mass., last week.

Ed Gera has driven three new performers into the 2:10 list this year—Star Point, 2:05½; Nightingale, 2:05½; and Bright Regent, 2:05½.

Frank Ryan, 2:09½, by Mikkanen, is now owned by the Hubinger Bros. of New Haven, Conn., who have placed him in Knap McCarty's stable.

The Buffalo 4-year-old pacer Viola, by Jerome Eddy, won a good race at Detroit, Mich., last week over the half-mile track. She